

CENTRE OF CRIMINOLOGY

LIBRARY

MOUNTAIN ECHOES

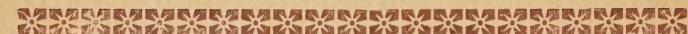


Volume 10

January 1961

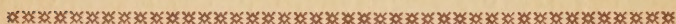
Number 5

ADMINISTRATION



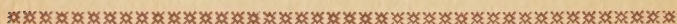
F.E. Harris	Warden
J. Wickey	Deputy Warden
A.E. Steele	Chief Keeper

CENSUS



Jan. 1 — Jan. 31

High number	8212
Low number	4739
Received	22
Discharged	5
Paroled	3
Population	409



The MOUNTAIN ECHOES, published by the inmates of the Manitoba Penitentiary with the kind permission of A.J. MacLeod, Commissioner of Penitentiaries, is designed to provide inmates with an opportunity for self-expression and a medium for discussion of public problems, and in the interest of promoting useful thoughts and actions within the institution.



No articles of scurrilous or defamatory nature or in any way detrimental to the administration of justice will be published. The views expressed herein are not necessarily those of the administration or editorial staff.



Mountain Echoes

Volume 10

January 1961

No. 5

EDITOR: Don Hambleton

EDITORIAL BOARD:

Ralph Danton

Christy Brown

J.V.J.

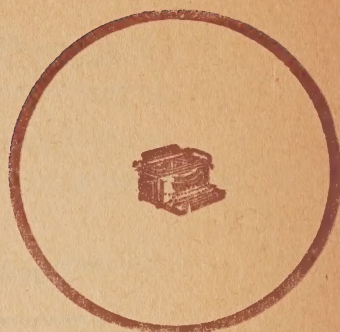
Cover and Illustrations by Danton

Contents	1
Editorial	2
Guest Editorial	Christy Brown 3
The Changing Scene	Ed Penner 4
Party Line	L-314 6
The Belligerent Cop	Bob Horan 8
Dear Editor	Slipshod Sam 10
R.C. Community Xmas Service	Christy Brown 11
It Seems to Me	Richie Richardson 12
The City	J. Wannop 14
From Under Brown's Derby	John The Square 15
'Neath The Spreading Atrophy	18
Penal Press	19
Prot. Chapel Xmas Community Service	Bill Miller 20
Sports	Staff 21

Photo-engraving Courtesy of The Winnipeg Tribune, Wpg. Man.

Mountain Echoes is published monthly by the inmates of the Manitoba Penitentiary. Subscription rates are \$1.00 yearly for 12 issues. Authorized as second class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, 1951. Those wishing to subscribe may do so by addressing their remittances to Mountain Echoes, c/o The Warden, Box 101, Stony Mountain, Manitoba. Permission for reprinting any article is cordially granted.

EDITORIAL



The Commissioner of Penitentiaries, A.J. MacLeod, briefed us earlier this month upon the proposed reconstruction of our penal system. The use of more deversified vocational training program is one of the most important factors he mentioned. It was this that caused me to reprint the following from **The Spectator**.

Menard, Ill., Disposing of old television sets, vacuum cleaners and refrigerators often present a major problem to appliance stores, but one Chicago firm has found a worthwhile outlet for many of the appliances it receives in trade. Truckloads of these are taken to the Menard branch of the Illinois State Penitentiary, where there are prisoners in vocational training classes. Warden Ross V. Randolph said the men are taught to assemble and repair the appliances to train them for jobs when they are released.

This seems like a good idea. It should not be hard to make the same arrangements here. Prisoners would then learn not just the theory of the trade but have some practical training besides. At the present time about all a man can hope for is the theoretical knowledge and this is not enough to get a job. If the practical part of a trade was taught, then the program is on its way to success. "Do you hear me Ottawa?"

On the envelope in which your M. E. comes, you will note some numbers. If 08/61 is on the envelope, it means your subscription expires, Aug. 1961. All subscribers will get twelve issues. A double issue count as one.

guest

editorial

Christy Brown

They said it couldn't be done. That somebody would ruin it. That it was too pretentious: it would never get off the ground. That, "We weren't ready for it." Well, I am happy to report to all "Doubting Thomases" that the community Christmas services held in both chapels was an unqualified success.

"They" didn't believe that inmates could have visits with non existant supervision and censorship, but it has happened. Astoundingly, this writer found himself free to move around in both chapels and converse freely with visitors, all of whom expressed their gratitude at being able to attend such an important event.

Several times I was introduced to wives, brothers and sisters, of inmates of my acquaintance, and although having no guests of my own in attendance, it was gratifying to observe such a happy event.

Surely now it is apparent to all that the antiquated visiting rules, and the equally ancient visiting room, are indeed a thing of the past and perhaps now that it has been proven in fact, changes for the better could be rapidly forthcoming. One thing is certain: The days of the cynic are numbered at this institution. For him the sun is slowly sinking. Happily, a new day is dawning for realists such as Father Bedford and Rev. Wizniuk.

However, we must not lose sight of one very important fact. The visitors, the wives, mothers and fathers, sisters and brothers, are due an immense vote of thanks for coming out here on a cold Sunday morning, for if these good people had not attended the services here, the Community service would have been just another item "That we weren't ready for."

— — — — —

The Changing Scene!

Ed. Penner

(**Darkness at Noon** — *Arthur Koestler* prompted this article. Everyone will benefit by reading this book. *Ed Penner.*)

The changing scene of the Canadian Penal System is a welcome one. Whether there is a parallel in the society which produced the need for prisons is as yet an undetermined factor. Assuming, from an internal viewpoint, that there are changes in both, it becomes necessary to realize that regardless of modifications in external stimuli; there can be no lasting beneficial progress unless there is a decided revision in the attitude of the individuals that one finds in prison, or connected with the same. This article will primarily devote itself to the former.

The introduction of new and diversified educational and recreational programs together with a greater emphasis on Personality Variables, will be of great therapeutic benefit only if they are recognized and accepted as such. Time will judge if they are used constructively.

Generally, when faced with an unpleasant situation, it is much easier to escape, into the relative obscurity of fantasy, than to face reality. In prisons there are numerous methods of "putting in time." One can sit and daydream; relax in the luxury of self-pity, thereby affecting a complete denial of reality. Others may spend their time criticizing every aspect of life; projecting all their energy towards superficial factors so that they will not have to face themselves. Another may totally absorb himself in recreational pursuits; in order that he may not have to cope with the other aspects of reality. Some literally lose themselves in their academic pursuit of knowledge, devoutly maintaining that they are improving themselves. These individuals fail to realize that in order to utilize their new found knowledge they must first know themselves. Integration is of paramount importance. Yet others, attend Group Therapy in order to dissect and analyze problems within themselves so that new fields of rationalization may be discovered. There are many individuals in prison who can clinically state why they are in prison, yet without full acceptance of their conclusions they are destined to remain where they are. Then, of course, there is the egocentric personality who maintains that whatever is happening, is "just fine" with him, but of course it isn't the answer for him. He is of the opinion that there should be a program just for his benefit. Assuming this should happen, he would be unable to recognize it, for he really has no faith in himself, therefore cannot see the reason in any circumstance.

Having lightly touched upon a few of the negative factors that have to be eliminated for "Progressive Rehabilitation" to become a reality, it becomes necessary to accentuate the fact that it is by no means easy to accept — never mind use constructively — an abnormal environment. Now, introducing an abnormal personality factor into the existing equation, we are confronted with two negative factors. Many people quit at this point. Fortunately, the logic of mathematics states that it is quite possible to combine two negative quantities and derive something positive. It may not be possible to apply this to the *human equation* continually, but at the very least one should not deny its existence.

In an existence where the conviction that lies serve better than the truth has predominated, it is easy to admit to no private sphere other than one's own. When in the compulsion of seeking a conclusion, a mind became so tensely charged that the slightest collision caused a short circuit, it is most evident, that new, compensating circuits must be created.

In order to learn to live in a reality that demands compromise, it is of paramount importance to stop searching for proof; but to accept experience for truth, and to recognize the fallacy incorporated in predicting the future using factors that are only valid at the present time. The present cannot decide what will be judged truth in the future. One must accept experience for the reality that it is.

Geometry is the purest realization of human reason yet Euclid's axioms cannot be proved. He who does not accept and believe in them, but spends his time searching for non-existent proof, sees reality crumble. In order to exist, he must now confine himself to himself, and can accept only the superficial. In what is now his universe there can be no integrated interpersonal relationships. He's still looking for proof of their existence.

In conclusion: The changes manifest in the Canadian Penal System, will only be a success if they are used integratively. The individual must learn to compromise, to accept and to distinguish positive from negative. With the raw materials at hand, and the introspective analysis his tool, he will be successful. At the present time there isn't much of this around, and one could quite conceivably be justified in observing: In the heights of ancient India, they ponder the potentialities of an integrated self. In the turbulent depths of Stony Mountain, to ponder, is to scheme; potentialities, are suggestive of exploitation. Integration, is a misty dream BUT..the "self" is all that seems to matter. To lesser extent this also describes life in Free Society. It is interesting to note that at a time when, an awareness, knowledge, and a search for Freedom, are of concern to everyone, there is so little action, and so much discussion. "Lip Service," rather than an axiomatic faith, is becoming a rule and can no longer be considered "the exception."

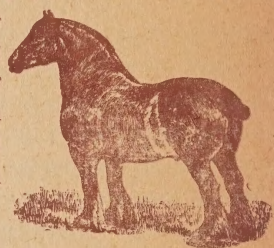
If tempted to spill your troubles into the bored ears of others, remember that half of them aren't interested, and the rest are glad that you're finally getting what's coming to you.

Party



Line

Maybe we've been entombed too long, could have sworn we saw the new Warden in the Dome the other night *without a cordon of guards*... **Harry the Horse** caught flexing his muscles, and what's more—before a **Parr-tisan** crowd... **Boshman**, still muttering about the valet service in this joint... A certain cleaner hereabouts must have a cast iron derriere, the guy was on the receiving end of a well aimed boot the other day and the kicker's been on the limp ever since... Lot of sad faces in this vale of tears since **Sabrina** departed... **Big Ed**, countin' the hours... **Swartzzy**, informing pals he didn't want that "parole anyway"... Caught **Jimmy Elk** with his antlers down the other A.M., that's the trouble with this joint Jim — no privacy..



Wrixon complaining about the inch he lost from the biceps since the weights went south... Ditto **Ken Leishman**... You've got to hand it to the Chef in here, *who else* could come up with a stew sandwich... Top booking agent for Headingly these days is a gent called **Manly**... **Barker**, thinking of going "straight", don't ask me where... Swear 'fore God that was **Kim Novak** that came



in to see **Ken Ducharme** a few Sundays back; **Vince Marrese** still way out of sight though... Ye ol' Editor is getting a reputation of being a hard man to find. It figures I guess, anyone that can hide *behind* a broom handle deserves a label of some sort... **Roger** making like the "pelvis"—but minus the git-box...

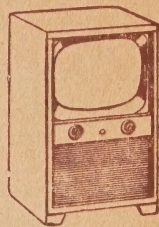
Understand there's a hack at Headingly that gets the cold shivers whenever the word **BOX-CAR** is mentioned... **Baldy Martin** getting that Ivy League look... **Jonasson** making like Van Gogh... **Nick McDonald** says he's been pinched more often than Marilyn Monroe. Maybe so Nick—but for the *same reason?*.. Will somebody



pul-leeze phone a cab for **Gordie Brown**, the guy wants "out"... This ol' mountain ain't no Everest, says **Georgie Mitchell**, so any 3-foot tracks around just "gotta" belong to **Jerry Desrosiers**... Big **Norm Nelson**, all set to hit the asphalt... Ditto **Len Kelly**... There's a certain white-haired grandpappy in the change-room that swears he ain't a day over 39. Ah, c'mon **Cece**, like the man says: Old age ain't so bad—when you stop to consider the alternative... 'Cordin' to Two Gun **Crowley**, **Paladin** ain't so tough... **Art Nabiss** sportin' a Lakehead tan and a "new"



number... If you're wondering where **Frank Zimmer's** cat disappeared to, take a peek at last week's menu... Projectionist **Guy Ferragne** looks like the busiest con in the joint. Slow down Guy, you're giving the rest of us bums a complex... Hear local TV addicts are thinking of donating earmuffs to **Roy Williams**—so the poor guy can go out and watch hockey *during TV plays*... New "hatchet man" on the bench—*down-town, of course*... **Paddy Evans** still doling out the "vittles" 'round the small screen area... Lifer **Jack Wannop** swears he's gonna pack it in after this bit. Gotta pass that one Jack, a remark like that takes a bit of figuring... **Joe Hayden** sportin' a bent schnib—courtesy of some elbow... Some creep is living high off the hog in here; latest "victim" was **John Severight**—



2 bales worth... Looks as if footballer **Ron (Varone) Miller** has decided to trade in his "cleats" for a pair of goalie pads... Following chapel service on the 18th (Dec.), the wife of a young inmate peered curiously about the central dome then—glancing up at the dome-cage and the guard inside—asked, "What's that?" "Just the joint mascot ma'am," replied a voice from nearby, "toss him a peanut and he'll do a handstand for you."... **Billy Lavery** seen handing out TM's dur-



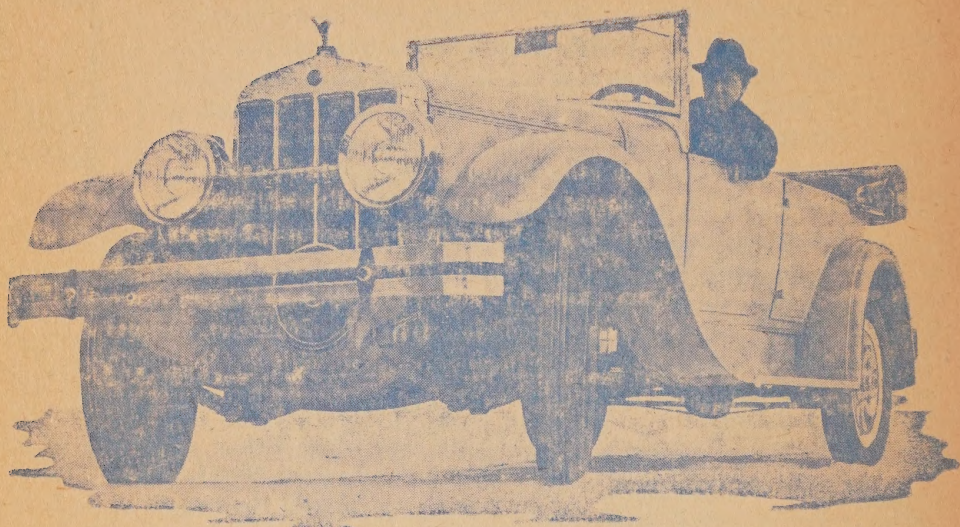
ing the last Red Cross visit... **Tommy Girdle** playing it cool since pal **Richie** shook loose... You guys notice **Mitch Herman's** drum lately! Darned if it don't look like the City library... Hear that **Benstead** would like to slit his throat but he can't stand the sight of blood... Been informed we have an "amorous" mattress within our midst... **Slipshod** gettin' that "frustrated" look. Whatsa matter Slip, that brone actin' up again... **Dale Liebrecht** on Cloud 9 since they confirmed the 2-visit a month plan... If what we suspect is true, a *certain type bird* in here won't be exercising his vocal cords much longer! Thanks for the card **Malty**, best o' luck... Either **Hop Davis** is ready for the maternity ward or that's an honest-to-goodness bay window he's developed... Looks as if **Cliff Horsfall** isn't too anxious to renew the lease on his concrete duplex, hear he's filed an application for parole... **Ray**

Bonney back at the old stand... Memo to "can't whistle": Who cares! The substitution is fine... **Gene Simoneau** makin' like *Frank Mahovich*... One statistic-minded individual informs us that *exactly* one-third of the joint's colored population are "sax fiends." Pal **Christy** says he's a trumpet man himself... **Hughy Long** says he was up before a judge only twice and on each occasion, said the wrong thing. First time was 'I do': the second, 'Guilty'... To the creep who persists in gumming up the radio: If you can't find a better place to shove in a nail than the wires that connect the radio—we'd like to offer a suggestion...



THE BELLIGERENT COP

Bob Horan



Things hadn't been going too well at home. The baby had been down with the mumps and his condition had both Irene and myself at our wits end. He was a real grouch and although we loved him more than words can express, his constant crying was nerve-shattering.

It wouldn't be fair to blame it on the baby alone for he was only one of the many things stirring my concern. For example, the threat of a layoff at the factory was weighing heavily on my mind. With the house and car payments to meet, and with Jimmy's doctor bills, I couldn't afford a layoff.

As I drove home that night, I was toying with my troubles. I recalled how the office runner - George, I think his name is - had gotten my goat that afternoon and its return to memory made me mad all over again. I had told him to get me the file on Appleton, and he returned with McCarthy's. How he could get the two confused was beyond me and I wasted no words in telling him so.

My thoughts drifted from the office to my homecoming, and it did nothing to lift my spirits. Nothing lately did much to hearten me. I realized how deeply I was entrenched in the vicious circle but I could see no solution. The fact is, I had resigned myself to the situation and tried to make the best of it.

Driving home that night I concluded fate was being unnecessarily cruel to me and to emphasize my dislike for the situation I pressed hard on the accelerator. As the car leapt forward, and the speed increased my problems seemed to diminish.

I devoted my whole attention to driving — I usually do when I'm travelling at high speed — and this new diversion was very stimulating. The traffic was pretty light so I felt quite safe. A look at the speedometer told me I was doing an even '65' and I decided that was plenty fast. I levelled her off and sat back comfortably. My new found comfort was soon interrupted.

The cop stood at the door, his dominant stare cutting right through me. He bellowed "Where do you think you're off to?" I sat back gritting my teeth and suppressed the urge to retort "And who do you think you're shouting at?"

After folding the ticket into my wallet, I got under way again. In a few minutes the whole incident returned in all its unpleasantness. "The nerve of him." I thought. "It's plain ordinary highway robbery." I thought this over then, pleased with my conclusion, I added, "It's a darn shame the police wouldn't spend more time chasing criminals and lay off guys like me. It's an outrage."

By this time I was thoroughly convinced that 65 m.p.h. was a safe speed and I was determined not to let that flatfoot sway me one iota. If there had been an accident, it would have been a different matter, but I had never been involved in one in my life. I ran her back up to 65 and silently cursed the ticket-happy cop.

The sun was sinking deep into the western sky and I could almost feel the darkness creeping over the countryside. The sight of an Autumn sunset can be breathtakingly beautiful and I soon found myself taking it all in. I was spellbound by it all and I wondered why it failed to attract me before. My troubles, in this atmosphere of natural beauty, didn't seem important anymore. Then it happened.

I felt a dull thud as my fender struck something solid and, almost immediately my right rear wheel bounced over the foreign object. Fear siezed me as I fought to keep control of the car. After what seemed an eternity, I got it stopped.

As I knelt beside her, the enormity of it all began to penetrate. Her blood-stained hand clutched fiercely to the arm of her ragged dolly. I had to turn my head away from the ugly mess I had made of her. When I looked again it was through misty eyes. She lay in a pool of blood and I watched in shocked silence as her life oozed slowly away. I grasped her tiny wrist and probed hopefully for a pulse, there was none.

The police car came speeding down the road and as it approached I whispered a prayer "Lord forgive me, I knew not what I was doing."

By the time the belligerent policeman reached my side, I was ready to listen to him. I greeted him with tear filled eyes.

/ / / / /

Did you hear about the delinquent cow that got rehabullitated?

— The Mentor:

DEAR EDITOR;



Oh justice! an' I never thot I'd ever see the tail end of thet '60 year, but lo an' behol', there it went an' I'm still here kickin' like ol' moscow. An' I can't figger if I'm sockin' it to them taxpayers real dry like, or if they's the ones thet's sockin' it to me. One of these days I'm gonna sit down an' try to figger thet out. Anyhow, every time I go down to thet kitchen I got my arms an' my mouth wide open! An' oh justice, I know somebuddy thet's sockin' it to somebuddy! an' I'm talkin' 'bout thet there Deaf Guverment guy, Spendin' Flemin' thet's got thet there 40 million dollar deficit. I sure hope he don't try to make up fer it by deductin' from our grub line. 'Cause I'd never be able to start pretendin' I wuz a mouse now after pretendin' I wuz a cat fer so many cottin pickin' rehabilitashun years. Huh?

Oh yeh! Mr. Editor, did you git some of thet there turkey at Xmas time, too. As a free convict out there on the street I alwiz had 3 ol' birds for Xmas, but in this here joint 2 of them 3 ol' birds wuz missin'. The OL' CHOW wuzn't in the glass, an the OL' HEN wuzn't sittin' 'cross the table. But there's happier days ahead. Right? Right.

Oh justice, an' I'm laughin'. I wuz talkin' to this here farmer on my range the other day 'bout ranchin' an' this new fish hears me mention my Appaloosa Stud. "Ay," he sez, "what's an' appaloosa stud?" So I tells him. An' when he hears thet it's a horse thet's got spots all over him, he sez: "Oh yeh! I seen one of them in Winnipeg the other day an' the one I seen musta had too many spots 'cause he kept droppin' them all along Portage Avenue." Oh well, I alwuz did figger thet name should of been Porridge Avenue. Anyhow, now I know what thet farmer meant when he looked down thet there street at all them signs, traffic lites, parking meters, policemun, an sez: "These city folk sure is behind with their shovellin'."

I got a gawsh awful real good cure fer insomnia, Mr. Editor, thet I'd like to give to all my fateful convict readers so as to kinda git their year goin' right. Okay? Okay! Heres how I guarantee to put them to sleep, an' it's got countin' sheep beat all to moscow. First ya gotta git a hair brush. Then ya git in bed an' ya lay on your back. Then ya take thet there brush an' ya put it beside ya. It don't hafta be under the covers with ya. If you're under them there covers an' thet there hair brush is on top of them there covers, well, thet's okay too. Okak? Okay! Like I sez, ya put thet there hair brush beside ya. Then ya move thet there hair brush away from your side. If it's 'bout a foot from your hip, thet's okay. Okay? Okay. Now, man; ya jest stroke your hand over thet there hair brush gently . . . gently . . . gently . . . like ya would to clean your fingernails. An' don't be bitter, huh? 'Cause the longer it takes ya to git to sleep, the cleaner your fingernails git!! Okay? Okay.

concluded on page 24



R.C. Christmas Community Service

Christy Brown

On Sunday the 18th. of December, no less than forty visitors attended the long planned Christmas Community Service held in the Catholic Chapel.

Father Bedford conducted the service, and he spoke of the untold sorrow that he had observed during his many years of service at this institution. He spoke of the heartbreak inherent to prolonged separation; the break-up of homes, and he concluded his message with praise of the relatives that came to worship with their sons and husbands, stressing profoundly that, "The family that prays together, stays together."

A thirteen member Honor Guard of the Third Order of St. Francis, Knights of Columbus, resplendently attired, took up position in the sanctuary during the service, and the inmate choir augmented by seven visitors was at it's best.

We are grateful to the prison Chaplains, and the unknown official at Ottawa, who gave the inmates of this prison, and their relatives, the best Christmas present that has ever been seen in this institution.



"It Seems To Me...."

Richie Richardson

....that it would be only fitting to start out the New Year with a couple of bouquets to a pair of real good guys. Maurice Smith of the Free Press and Jack Wells of the Tribune were good enough to make appeals in their respective columns for used hockey equipment for us here at Stony Mountain. Our most sincere thanks, and may the coming years bring you gentlemen nothing but happiness.

....that with Kenny (Gunner) Ducharme at the helm, Tommy Girdle's Lakers should be a lead pipe cinch to cop local laurels in the basketball league. The Gunner recently shattered all existing records with a big 51 point performance.

.. that if Ike and John K. meant what they said, and I quote, "*We will continue to seek peace and justice for all.*" It would be a good idea if they looked no further than the disgraceful demonstration being put on in New Orleans. If this is their idea of *Peace and Justice*, then make mine butterscotch.

....that I must send condolences to Peter R. in P.A. I think maybe you got the short end of the stick Buddy, John (Slayer of Rodents) Brown, and I slew a rat (long tailed variety) on M-2 the other night and got no five spot.

....that I have been thinking seriously of suing the local magazine for slander. In my Nov column, I stated my correct age 18 (*Oh Richie! Come now! L7.*) but apparently a couple of typesetters with creative tendencies decided to change it around and make it 81. I spoke to LeeRoy about a public apology, and was met with "Whatsamatter? The truth hurt?" Now this really upset me; so I guess if you can't beat them, join them! Who do I see about an old age pension? (*anyone but me. Jay Bee.*) Seeing as how "Scoop" Hambleton has been collecting it for a number of years, maybe he could help me. (*he's the cat to see alright!! Brownny.*)

....that I could't agree with Jerry Huppie when he said that the Eskimoos were the best team in the country, but when he said that Edmonton had more than it's share of pretty girls, that's a horse of a different color. Man, did you ever stand at 101st. & Jasper and just look ? (*you're both snaky! Like, Portage 'n Main is the only scene to dig.*) Incidentally, to the one who is likely blowing her cork about now, that was long before we were married.

....that a guy hasn't lived until he has watched John "Ikey" Brown & Jackpine playing Bridge together. Man, do these two ever have a time. Honest Stan Nash was heard to say that Johnny was getting a humped back from carrying Jackpine.

....that my old buddy Roy (Strong Like Bool) Chudek, the only cleaner in the joint with his own typewriter, has come up with a sure fire money making idea. He claim he is going to grow pigs when he gets out. The only thing that puzzles me old fellow is, what do you plan to use for seed ?

....that with President-Elect Kennedy being such a young man, methinks that him and Nikita should get along famously. You know, kind of Father and Son arrangement.

FAREWELL

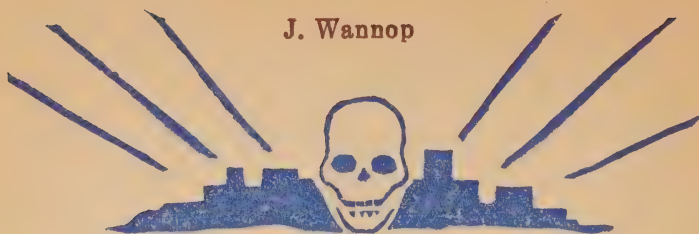
....that it is with a great deal of pleasure that I write 30 to this column. On the 18th. of December, Warden Harris informed me I had been granted a parole, so by the time this issue hits the street, I will be long gone. (He was last seen Dec 22 *running* out the front door.) To Randi Villiers, and the Seventeen plus, of Ninette, it was your very welcome Christmas card that I was reading when the glad tidings came, and it goes without saying that I will never forget your kind words. This would be a far better world if there were a few more people of your calibre in it. The best of luck to everyone connected with the Penal Press; it was a pleasure to play just a small part in such a worthwhile organization. To Bud Winters, a special Thank you, for without Bud's help there would never have been a "It Seems to Me." 30... Hello B.

Well Dad, all of us youngsters from the Echoes wish you lots of luck and lots of happiness. By the way, were you advised that your grading had been approved at the last board meeting?

THE STAFF

THE CITY

J. Wannop



From my cell your flashing lights shine in the depths of darkness. And proud *Golden Boy* standing still, runs from some unimagined fright or to the goal of some illustrious philosophy. Which is it, Demon City? Does he run and yet not run from fear of your lecherous glittering arms which reach out to clasp all to your thorny breast; or is it that he runs toward the ever-flowing vale of comfort, the end and goal of all?

You are like some women to me for you have more past than others, and like some women, you make sure that you never forget your past. Cotton-fresh sandalled with painted toes, hair flowing, endlessly present. I shall try to forget you, Demon City.

You city with a million lights, doubling yourself in wet pavement. Wheels run on reflected wheels, headlights become glistening in fours. Buildings rise downward into soaring depths. Which is real? I feel like standing on my head to see if it would make any difference.

Sea of light below, sea of light above. Two seas have washed away all sense of real space. There is no perspective here where streams of headlights pour through the gap of no measure where two cities meet.

You city of my birth, who when in my infancy cuddled me coldly in your flowing arms. Who in my youth taught me life in your slum and squalor. Showing me two lives which I could live, and asked me to choose. Now, thru barred windows and over stone walls you taunt me for my forced choice. You taught me; yea, you taught me. But what? Of money and morality, yes, but what you left out is the *fruits* of the choices. No tears now, but only pity; for you, not for me, Demon City.

How were you made, O center of the continent, Of grim strength, blood and toil. Of men with strong and weak hearts, virtuous and other women. Of strife and chaos, but what of that. It is what you are now that counts, but what are you, with your blood spattered soul? A city of the proud and future seekers, which come to your enslaving arms in search of knowledge and strength. Loyal are they to your tinsel trappings of high ideals and philosophy. But those you have expelled look at you from afar. They long for you and love you, and to them your winking lights are as a lure is to a fish.

Demon City, yet loved one, we yearn for you. But I have moved away so that I may no longer see your gleaming winking lights of memories, for to me you are a leech and lamprey of human drudgery and pain. So farewell, Demon City, I no longer wish to see you, nor do I love you Demon City.

FROM UNDER

BROWN'S DERBY

John the Square

What a year that was ! I bet my freedom and lost: I bet on Ingemar, because nobody had ever regained the championship: Naturally I had the Yankees: You can be sure I had Nixon: I picked Bombers over Esks: Down East I had Argos over Ottawa: And in the Grey Cup, I bet on Edmonton. The only thing I've got left to lose is my "Marbles."

Would some of my readers come to my rescue? I contend that T.V. reception in Vancouver is limited to five channels; two Seattle, one Bellingham, and two Canadian stations. The people who challenge this, claim that Vancouver enjoys seven channels, among them being Spokane and Blaine. It's news to me if Van. can pick up Spokane, and as for that last one, that border crossing?...*Indeed!!*

The past few years have seen an immense migration to the suburbs. Where shortly before there were green fields, there are ranch styles and split level bungalows. The builders of these subdivisions advertise the driving time to and fro, far short of what it actually is. Here is a sample.

Live In Modern Luxurious

ASPRINAPPOLIS.

Straight Out Over Drive To Mud Lane

20 MINITS TO MIDTOWN

Midtown, by the builder, is really the city limits; but the 20 minit driving time is partially true, they just neglected to tell you that such excellent time can be made only at 4 A.M. Daytime trips to and fro range from $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour, to an hour and a half during rush hours. The funny part of this is a resident of Asprinappolis, will parrot this 20 minit jazz when he knows darn well that he couldn't make it home in 20 minutes in a Chrysler 300G.

Have you noticed that Merasty rhymes with Mendacity? Anyway, my good friend Ray Merasty has asked me to convey his appreciation to those who helped him during his term in office, and special thanks to those who made his term possible.

Nobody has to agree with me on this, but my choice for Canadian Convict Of The Year, goes to Miss Dorothy Mills of Palace Rd. She not only was the first to go over Miss Burkes wall, but travelled a far piece too. I know lots of guys that never made it out of Ontario. My choice of Mountaineer of the Year, goes to George "Personality" Mitchell. This guy keeps a smile on his face, and owns the nicest personality I have met anywhere. He has never been heard to "cut anyone up" behind their back, and is always ready to help anyone. A tip of the Brown Derby to these deserving personalities.

Having found that the Greetings & Salutations wasted too much valuable space in the old form, I have decided to run them under Slow Freight. They won't be in geographical order, and this way I'll be sure that the whole *bit* will be "dug." So you'll find greetings and gobbleddegook coming your way by *SLOW FREIGHT*.

Happy Fourth of July!! It's now **OFFICIAL!** Mountaineers can write **anyone** they wish. It works this way: — each con must list all friends that he wishes to correspond with. As long as a person is listed, they can write and visit at their discretion. Two visits a month are allowed, one between the 1st. & 15th., the 2nd between the 16th. & 31st. The inmate must pay for all postage exceeding four, (4) letters per month, which the "Man" pays for. Visits are held 7 days a week the exceptions being legal holidays. So list *everybody* you know. Who knows? They may drop you a line. You girl friends who couldn't write before, fire away!... Memo to Mike Carson of Beacon: O.K.; you win. I have surrendered and run up my bed sheet. You have our condolences... Flash—Joe Houle, now on Stony scene. Got as far as Geraldton... Most unphotogenic apples in the world putting out Ekkies. Seven takes 'n not one good pic... J.B. givin' odds that footballer Shannon, not around for 61 season... Hi to Adeline Dewhurst, from secret admirer... Rat hunting 'round Edmonton will get you a fin. Ask Pete Roski... "Beef's 'n Bouquets" most popular radio program in the joint. Daily. CJOB, Howard Langdale host... No kapeesh crazy rule; can send pics if **not** getting visits. *If* copping visits, pics not allowed to leave joint... And like, what happened to the, like, third time, like? Hot off the press—John the Square, youngest member of Ekkies. Scoop being the e dest... Thanx to the pretties on the Ninette scene for their thoughtful dedications to us, on the Sunday shut-ins show the past month. We dug it, and we really appreciate it. The above Ladies, and their leader, one **Randi Villiers** are the best friends the Echoes have ever had. They too are shut-ins as they are unfortunate enough to be in the San. This Christmas, **Randi** sent cards to everyone in here who's name had been mentioned in our magaze for the past few months. Many of the fellows would *not* have received a Christmas card if it hadn't been for **Randi**. None of us have ever met this wonderful person, and she asked questions about most of us, which I will answer now: so Randi, this will probably get me "put down" but I'm going to let you peek at a few hole cards. Among other things *Jocker* means parole, and our Huey Long (no relation to the Louisiana Long's) still has high hopes. As for his like-new Corvair, more on that later in this column. As fer thet cowpoke from Cowpasture Alberta is none other than Jack Chisholm former ball commissioner, chief umpire, 'n sometime seamstress. You know who L-314 is, and I think it was his hand that one of the local *belles* tried to hold recently. That's what comes from being good looking I guess. Rolly Evans thought you was a guy: how 'bout that! Stan Nash sends his warm thanks for your card Cece Allen says, Merci. And Vince the Prince thanks you for your card. As for the 'Sir' on the Horse, I plead guilty; anyhow, the Horse's real handle is Harold Lamontagne. The Editor, (bless his pointed head!) has been here too long. Not long ago, he referred to a certain article of feminine apparel, a **bray**! He was on the square too (serious). In conclusion I'd like to add that seeing as you cannot come to the Mountain, we are going to come up and spend a Sunday visiting you and Stretch. Rocky & I should be seeing you in early Feb. '62. Bye for now and

Thanks... Praise Allah for people who put their address on Xmas cards, especially girls... Walk easy Kitten — Hub Dale... Query to Bob Jeffries below the border: Who writes your material bro?.. Belated *Mazeletov* to Teddy Fryer on her parole & welcome to the 4th Mavis. We'll be reading you... Greetings to Mom, Dad & Bev., at the Lakehead — Butch Crowley... Say Sawbuck, didn't Ella Fitz. make debut in *Pete Kelly's Blues*?... Query to Gloria M. at **Alderson W. Virginny**— You got any Canucks down thea? If so reply. The Dominions look after their own and, "Have Magaze. Will Send. Halibut"... Huey Long had his like-new Corvair painted green in hopes of a Christmas sale, but it remains, unsold... Thanks **Fat** Doug for the card, July 22 man, don't kick too hard — Sully... Sounds for P.A's Towne Crier: Hope you had a Cool Yule man, and like, don't pay any mind to those two cats. Quiet as it's kept, they're both squarer than I am, especially the Mayor (Don Dodd). He thinks "funky" music is someone with halitosis whistling in his face. Al (Country Boy) Way is o.k. for a cat who's never been out of **South** Battleford. He may tell you he's been to Edmonton, but not so. He'd "flip" if he ever saw that many electric lights... 'Peggery no want new cop shop. 'S all right, I was going to put the burg down anyhow... Love to Small Hunky, Baby Hunky — Big Dumb Hunky... Betting Fidel Castro, axed before end of year. Sooner have his life insurance payable to me, than a winning sweepstake ducat... Happy New Year to J. Crukshank at P.A., J. Nobiss—Moose & Chip, who adds to Ray Medley you're getting fat!... **Fat** Richie must have known something. He said, "Parole, Parole, wherefor art thou parole" and the next thing I knew, the cat was making it out the front door: so, Divorce, Divorce, wherefor art thou divorce?... Character named Jarvis Dundas now claims his Uncle **Norm's** got a pooch called **One Spot**. *what???* Recently excerpts from an article which was written for our mag (Care and Handling of Your X-Con. Sept. '60) were reprinted in a New York Newspaper (N.Y. Sunday News) with full credit given to the M.E. We are getting up in the world, and this proves what I've always said about New York — That town is so 'Hip' they had to name it twice... To Lil' Richard 'n Dottie, the best in New Year... Lena Thibodeau, you should make it this year. I hope so... To Chuck Cross, hang tough Pops, I think this is your year... Query to Stan the Man, do you know of a better way to take it with you?... To Roy (Hamilton) G. Mazeltov! They just don't c. me any better than Richards. Again, congrats... Is Kenny Moore at BCP yet?... Valentines day next month. Any you guys want to send kisses 'n all that jazz, c-me. Same goes for any slow freight you want shipped... Query to Kathy: Oi, am I gettin' static! somethin' 'bout envelopes. what's shaking?... Love to Mom & Dad, Donna, Carollee, hope to see-u soon—Tommy Girdle... To S.V.P Shake it up Turner — Gerry... Thanx to Gene Telpner for the plug in "Coffee Break"... To that swingin' someone from the promenade, I was wondering what became of you. Glad to hear from you... Belated Good Wishes to Harry & Carol Luby. (Didn't know you "knew" kids. Will write) — R.D... Nobody but a Hamiltonian could consider that pile of dirt west of town a mountain. Now who was the nut that named this "*shoe full of pebbles*" Stony Mountain?... Memo to Billy McIssac, watch out for the 'wedge.' — H.t.H... It's a cinch we'll never catch the Telescope, but we'll fight like hell for number 2 spot... I love to golf, and I shoot in the low 80's. If it gets any colder, I ain't going out there... Remember: Save me your cotton!... L7



'NEATH THE SPREADING ATROPHY

(Unfortunately the "blue pencil" scissored much of this month's column. We offer, as a result, an abbreviated "Atrophy" — Ed.)

Several men and women appear on a T.V. quiz show, competing for fabulous sums of money. In the process they create entertainment, induce suspense, and become a national institution of sorts. They glorify the mind, set an example for the young par excellence, and generate a universal thirst for knowledge. The public discovers that they are only human and not walking encyclopedias nor two-legged univacs. They are exposed, belittled, and investigated by Congress.

A group of sycophants and limp-wristed, would-be-artists join honest forces to produce Peter Pan on T.V. The public knows (?) that it is a fairy tale; that the star cannot fly through the air on his-her-its wings. Though the story is well told in a literary sense, its plot would bring discredit upon the village idiot. It receives rave notices and the cast is spoken of in terms of idolatry.

///

A confidence man works hard for several weeks, lays a lot of groundwork, goes to some trouble and expense to realize his investment, and then the government steps in and takes every last cent. A customer walks on his lot and the used-car salesman sells him a car with no personal expense and little if any real trouble. When the government catches up with the salesman, and he is an honest man, they take about half of his money.

You can't blame anyone but yourself if you stumble twice over the same stone.

The greatest pleasure in life is to do a good turn in secret, and have it discovered by accident.

Co-existence: What the farmer does with the turkey until Xmas.

Glancing through the Penal Press

The Spectator

A cool Toronto gunman told customers in a drug store to "Come back later, the boss is all tied up." In the back room the owner struggled, face down on the floor, his wrists tied behind his back, with adhesive tape over his mouth as the thief robbed the store.

X X X

Reversing Falls Review

The one who thinks our jokes are poor
Would straight way change his views
Could he compare the jokes we print
With those we could not use.

X X X

The Colony

A fisherman from this city admitted spanking his wife with a live eel and was fined \$5.00 for cruelty—to the eel.

X X X

Shadows

William Washington, an employee of the Negro Boys Parental Home, was arrested at the institution on charges contributing to the delinquency of a minor.

Supt. Dozall Varner told officers that Washington was teaching the boys how to shoot craps.

X X X

Tharunka

A newly arrived prisoner at G.T.P., on being told by a warder that he was to occupy cell no. 13, cried out in anguish, "Please not that one, that's my unlucky number!"

"Why is 13 your unlucky number?" asked the guard.

"Well, you see," replied the prisoner, "if it wasn't for that number I wouldn't be here—1 judge and 12 jury men!"

A New Life

Bill Miller

On Sunday Dec. 18, 1960, for the first time in the history of Stony Mountain the doors of the prison were opened to allow about 150 visitors into the prison to attend a Family Service in the R.C. and Protestant Chapels, these visitors were relatives of inmates confined in this institution.

After the Service the visitors roamed around the Chapels freely, talking with one another and on this day many new friends were made and family ties strengthened.

Rev. J. Wiznuk selected as his sermon a story called, "The Purple Robe." This story tells of the damnation of Jesus Christ by Caesar's Army.

This event marks the beginning of a new era of progressive penology, not only in Stony Mountain, but in all Canadian Federal Prisons.

The following are letters received commenting on the Community Services.

Warden,
Stony Mountain Penitentiary.

Dear Mr. Harris;

Please accept my sincerest thanks for the opportunity to attend church with my husband last Sunday morning. I am most grateful to you, Rev. Wizniuk and to the members of your staff. The services gave my husband and myself much help.

With best Wishes,

Sincerely Yours,

A Wife.

Dear Sir;

I would like to thank you and everyone directly or indirectly responsible for making possible my attending the services and visiting with my husband on Dec. 18th.

Our visit was of definite help to us both.

Wish you and yours all the best for 1961.

Sincerely,

A Wife.

S P O R T S

BASKETBALL

Tom Girdle

With the advent of night exercise, many would be Chamberlain's and Cousy's came out of hiding and old Stony Lonesome's basketball season began. The four teams were: **Joe 'Grey Wolf' Hayden's** Hawks; **'Magoo' Wercimaga's** Celtics; **Ozark Whitely's** Shamrocks; and yours truly's **Lakers**.

After a slow start, the teams settled down, and the first half of the season ended with a very good brand of basketball being played. Our esteemed commissioner **Johnson Herbert 'The Ape' Wannop**, could be seen going around with a dazed expression on his face, mumbling to himself of 2-1-2 zones, man-to-man defences, hook shots, 3 seconds in the key and standing screens, but even he was chuckling to himself after everything got rolling.

Team	Won	Lost	Tied	Point
Lakers	5	1	1	11
Shamrocks	5	3	0	10
Hawks	3	4	1	7
Celtics	2	5	0	4

Hawks and Lakers play to 57-57 draw, Shamrocks defeat Celtics 59-44 in Season Opener.

In the hard fought opener, Hawks, led by **Sinden, Liebrecht & Grey Wolf**, jumped to a 27-25 first half lead, but in a last half duel, had to settle for a 57-57 draw with the Lakers. **Liebrecht**, with 15, **Sinden**, with 14, and **Joe Hayden**, with 12 led the Hawk pointsters, while **John Cahoon** with 20 before fouling out led in the 2nd half. **Tommy Girdle** with 17 and **Kenny Gunner Ducharme**, with 14 led the Lakers in a hard fought game.

In the second game of the double-bill, **Ozark Whitely's** Shamrocks jumped to a 35-20 first half lead and held on to come up with a 59-44 win. **Al Old Smoothie Cummings** with 23 pts., and **Ozark** with 16 were the pick of the Shams, while **Hackenschmidt** with 17 and **Magoo** with 11 were tops for Celtics.

Ducharme scores 23 pts as Hawks lose to shamrocks 55-51.

Ken "Gunner" Ducharme hitting from all angles scored 23 points, but to no avail as the Lakers bowed to a never say die Shamrocks club 55-51. Ernie "Dead-eye" Lombaert led the Shams in their last half rally which brought them from a half time deficit of 32-19 to the big win. Ernie got 12 big points in the rally and ended the night with 18.

Liebrecht leads Hawks to 59-52 win over Celtics.

Dale Liebrecht, hitting from outside with long one-handers and playing inspired defensive ball, led the Hawks with 22 pts for their first win of the season. Sinden with 15 and Hayden with 12, also helped out in the big win. Al Phillips, Hackenschmidt and Jimmy Cadotte with 10 pts. each were the pick of Celtics.

Lombaert and Cummings Big Guns In 61-52 Win.

With Ernie Lombaert and Al Cummings at the controls, Shamrocks defeated Hawks 61-52 in a bitterly contested game which was in doubt until the last few minutes. Just past three-quarter time, the Shams, leading 53-46, were left with only four men when Ozark and fouled out, but playing inspired ball held on to the end for a well deserved win. Ernie with 19 and Al with 17 were tops for the Irish and Joe Hayden led the Hawks with 19.

Magoo Hits for 16, But Celtics Lose 68-45.

Wercimaga, playing his best game of the year, scored 16 pts but, with the rest of the team being unable to find the range, could not overcome the Lakers one-two punch of Ducharme and Girdle, 30 and 22 respectively, as the Lakers defeated the Celtics 68-45.

Ozark Leads Shams To Narrow Win Over Hawks 66-63.

Whitely with 23 points and a fine defensive display, led the Shams to a 66-63 win over the Hawks. Al Cummings also had a good night with 22 points; 14 in the first half. Liebrecht with 25, and Hayden with 22 led for the Hawks.

Ducharme Scores 28 as Lakers Win 73-52.

Led by their strong forward line of Ducharme, Cahoon, and Girdle, with 28, 15 and 17 respectively, the Lakers breezed past the Hawks 73-52. Hayden led the Hawks with 19.

Jimmy Cadotte Sets Record With 36 Points in Celtics Victory.

Led by Jimmy Cadotte, playing his first year of basketball, and Hackenschmidt with 21 points, the Celtics scored the upset of the year in defeating the undefeated Shams 76-63. Whitely, Cummings and Lombaert with 20, 20, and 16 respectively, were tops for Shams.

Gunner Ducharme Goes Berserk!! Sets S.M.P. Record With 51 Big Pts!

Kenny "Gunner" Ducharme set an all time SMP record of 51 points, in leading the Lakers to a 95-46 triumph over the Celtics, 28 points coming in the last six minutes. Tommy Girdle hit for 21 points for the Lakers while Larry with 13, and Cadotte with 10 lead the outclassed Celtic five.

Hawks Defeat Celtics 49-47 In Hard Fought Game.

Sinden with 13, and Liebrecht with 10, led the Hawks; while Phillips, Desrosiers and Hackenschmidt with 15, 10 and 11 were tops for the Celtics.

Shamrocks Suffer Second Defeat Lakers Win 63-52.

Led by the Great Gunner and Tommy Girdle with 24 and 13 respectively the Lakers defeated the Shamrocks and moved into first place with a 63-52 triumph. Cummings, Whitely and Lombaert with 19, 14 and 11 respectively were tops for Shams in a closely played battle.

Cummings Pots 27, But Shams Blow third In A Row.

With fine team effort in which each player hit for ten or more pts, Joe Hayden's Hawks defeated Shams 70-61 despite the outstanding effort of Al Cummings who potted 27 points from all over floor.

Lakers Outclass Hawks For Fifth Straight Win 80-38.

Capping a fine team defensive display with some excellent shooting, the Lakers powered to their 5th straight win 80-38 over the Hawks, despite a fine display by Joe Hayden of the Hawks who scored 10 points in a vain attempt to rally his club. The Great Gunner led the Lakers with 31 points, followed by John Cahoon with 17, Tommy Girdle with 16, and Bob Harker with 11.

'Smoothie' Cummings Cops 44 pts as Shams Slit Slump.

Ozark's Shamrocks broke a three game losing streak led by Al Cummings who hit 66% from the field in scoring 44 points as the Shams swamped the Celtics 84 to 43. "Yap Yap" Barker was top man for the Celtics hitting for 9 points.

Scoring Leaders for the First Half of the Season.

Player	GP	Pts	Avg
Ducharme-Lakers	7	201	28.7
Cummings-Shams	8	183	22.9
Liebrecht-Hawks	8	128	16
Girdle-Lakers	7	125	17.9
Whitely-Shams	8	124	15.5
Hayden-Hawks	8	116	14.5
Lombaert-Shams	8	114	14.3
Sinden-Hawks	8	93	11.6
Cahoon-Lakers	7	77	11
Hackenschmidt-Celts	7	76	10.9



HOCKEY

"Dreamy" Miller

The snows falling, temperatures dropping, whistles tooting, railbirds cheering, guess it's the start of the 1961 hockey season up on the "Hill."

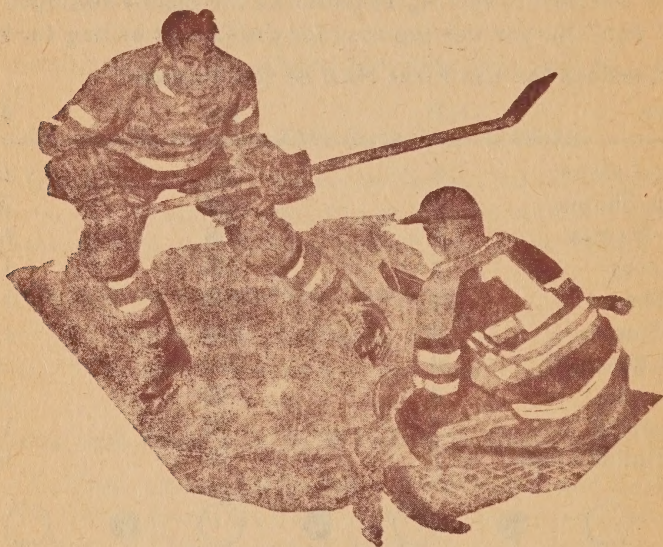
During the past week-end, exhibition games with three teams taking part were run off under the capable tutorage of the Hockey Commissioner. Surprising as it may seem, many of the boys were carrying on as if they were just returning after resting their tootsies between periods, much to the delight of their coaches I might add. After seeing what their charges could do, the Brain Boys retired to the Inner Sanctum, and hashed it all over, and came up with four even-as could be-teams. I still can't figure out why "Fika" kept yelling he was robbed.

From the many applicants, four Coaches were chosen to lead and fulfill the destinys of their teams. These four of course are responsible for supplying, All-Star Coach with the material to ice a strong contender for waylay visitinging clubs.

The All Star Coach is **Jack Stephens**, the greying Dean of the coaching staff, who has a wealth of experience going for him, plus that certain knack for getting the best from his boys. Then we have **Jim Reiley**, the grand old man of boxing trying his hand with some new talent from the Lakehead. Next comes **'Smiling' Louie Jourdain** whose heart is as big as his smile. Then comes **Gentleman Joe**

Meccas, and last but not least, **Fika** the charmer. To these fellows go a big vote of **Thanks** because without them, much as I hate to admit it, this season could not be run.

Also our hats off to **Bill Lavery**, **Larry**, **Barker**, and all the others who have worked so hard in making it possible for the boys to have such ideal ice conditions to play on. Take a bow fellows. Hi & Bye Dodee & Barb.



(continued)

DEAR EDITOR

Gosh, Mr. Editor, I do wish I could say "Hi!" to Randi an' the 17 plus at the Ninette San an' thank them fer the nice cards they sent me. Okay? Okay. Also wish I could say "Hi!" to Joe, Tidy, Mom (she ain't my real Mom, Mr. Editor, but she's so gawsh awful real nice thet I'm proud thet I kin call her Mom) an' all the rest at Winnipeg 8, an' thank them fer the nice birthday an' Xmas an' New Year cards. Okay? Okay. An' oh justice, Yeh! maybe I should of told them good folks at Ninette thet if my little "Angel Baby" is willin', '61 right up to the highest ya kin git in the 60's, 69, an' so on, is gonna be real gawsh awful tidy if not the Tidiest—years, like they said on their card. Trouble is thet I'm gonna hafta help with thet deffisit thing fer some of this here new year, but after thet, man alive!! I ain't even gonna stop fer AIR!! Hurry up February, fer gawsh awful sakes, hurry UP!! Okay? Okay, hurry up.

God Bless Ya, Be Good, Happy New Year, An' See Ya 'Round, huh?

Your frien',

Slipshod Sam.





*Did you hear the
latest? ---- and for
only a dollar too.*

Mountain Echoes Subscription Blank

Rates -- \$1.00 Per Year (12 issues)

Name

Address

City

Province